

De Fastis Anglicis,
THE **SIVE**
CALENDARIUM SACRUM.

Holy Calendar
Holy Calendar:

Being
A treble Series of EPIGRAMS
upon all the Feasts observed
BY THE
Church* OF *England.

To which is added the like Number of
EPIGRAMS upon some other more
especiall Daies, which have either
their footsteps in Scripture,
or are more remarkeable
in this KINGDOM.

Composed by *Nathanael Eaton* Doctor of Phi-
losophy, and Medicine, and Vicar of *Bishops-*
Castle in the County of *SALOP.*

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John D. Powell
His Books

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Calendar

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To the Sacred Majesty of his
Dread Sovereign CHARLES
the Second, by the Grace of
God King of England, Scot-
land, France, and Ireland,
Defendor of the Faith, &c.
Nathanael Eaton Doctor of
Philosophy and Medicine, and
Vicar of Bishops-Castle in the
County of Salop, upon the knees
of his Soul, most humbly Dedi-
cates himself, and these poor
Fruits of his vacant hours.

Sancti ad Regem. Epig. i.

SLayne first by Pagans malice, and of late
Murthred again, by the Fanatique hate
Of false-nam'd Christians: we have none to
flee A 2 Unto

Unto, thus twice destroy'd, Great King, but thee.
 Thou art our Earthly Saviour, and alone
 Must either give a Resurrection
 Unto our buried names: or we must lie,
 For ever dead to all Posterity.
 Do it great Prince, and as three Kingdoms now
 Unto thy healing Scepter justly bow;
 So shall the Saints in Heaven, oblig'd, engage
 Themselves alike unto thy Clientage.

Author ad Regem. Epig. 2.

Thy Grandfires Rescued from the Poulder blow;
 Thy Martyr'd Fathers dismal overthrow: (then
 Thine own strange Fortunes: how thou sellst, and
 Beyond all hopes regain'dst thy Throne agen.
 These are my Muses Theames, and unto whom
 Should then Dread Liege her high flown Poems come
 But to thy Sacred Self, whose House is still
 The only Subject of her laboring quill.
 For all sh' hath writ besides, considering what
 Relation now, the Saints to thee have got:
 And what hereafter thou to them shalt beare,
 When you shall all fill up one glorious Spheare:
 May in a sence, Great Prince, be said to be
 Written alone upon thy House and Thee.

Author ad Regem. Epig. 3.

Well doth our Church Dread Liege acknowledg
 Thee
 The

The great Defender of her Faith to be.
Whose paines have prov'd so fortunate herein,
That even seduced souls, again begin
To tread th' old Pathes th' had wandred from, and
Those Doctrines which before they ray'd upon,
Thy word's now grown their Canon: & they do (ro.
Not what their Creed, but what thou guid'st them
The Books that want thy stamp, how pure so e're,
Are laid aside by them as not sincere :
Popish, and Damned, are the names they call,
On all things which thy censure have not pass'd.
But what's approv'd by those sweet eyes of thine,
Is entertain'd as Perfect and Divine.
'Tis this, great King, now makes me crave thine aid,
Because I know whatever I have said
Upon this holy Subject, though it be
Such as is vouch'd by all Antiquitie:
Yet if thy Test it do not undergo,
The partial Reader will scarce judg it so.

*The Holy Calendar.**Janus ad Lectores.*

Come sinful Christians look and learn of me,
To draw Religion out of Poesie.
Who knows, but what the clearer beams of day
Could not informe you, Ethnick darkness may.
My face you see a double aspect bears,
At once surveying past and future years,

The things long hence to come, my searching eyes,
 And those rak'd up in silent dust, descries.
 Times winged self that flies all sight beside,
 From me his subtile footsteps cannot hide.
 Be this your rule, so shall your heedful care,
 Shun future crimes, the past, your tears repair.

The Feasts of January. 2.

ON Janus first the Lord they circumsise;
 The Magi's Star upon the sixth doth rise;
 The five and twentieth *Saul* converted, 's made
 A tiller of that field he wast had laid;
 Upon the thirtieth day the Rebel Crew,
 At his own Door the *Royal Martyr* flew.

New years day. Epig. 1.

Is custome Lord this day to send
 A gift to every vulgar freind,
 And shall I find no gift for thee,
 That art the best of freinds to me?
 There's nothing which my thoughts survey,
 My life, my soul, the light, the day;
 But they are all thy gifts to me,
 And shall I find no gift for thee?
 Yea Lord, behold I hear conferr
 My life, my soul, and what some're
 Thy liberal hand hath given to me,
 Back as a New-years gift on thee.

Say'd

Say'd I gift? ah! 't is not so,
Alas both Men and Angels know,
That all these things thy Christ hath bought,
And therefore I can give thee naught.

Circumcision. Epig. 2.

TIs not a partial cleanness pleaseth thee,
Thou Lord requir'st a total puritie,
Yet circumcision the primordive signe
And badg of this renewing grace of thine,
Notes the subjection of some sins alone,
With others it holds no proportion:
What means this Lord, it cannot be that thou
Shouldst an imperfect righteousness allow?
That so men slay their lusts, thy zealous eyes
Will winck at all their other vanities.
Only thou wouldst informe us that this sin
More then the rest is rooted deep within;
Runs in the veins, and cannot be withstood
With lesser grief, then we can lose our blood.
'Tis a mother sin, from whose hell-gendring wombe
Thousands of horrid wickednesses come,
And hence it is that thy unerring Writ
Them sinners stiles, that these foul crimes commit;
As though however other men may stray,
Yet none indeed did sin but only they.
'Tis the root of all sins else, kill this they dy,
But nourish this, th' encrease and multiply.
And this is it, indeed thy wisdom meant

To note unto us by this Sacrament,
 That those that have but this one sin repress,
 Are in effect got free from all the rest.
 Cleanse my foul heart, O Lord, from every sin,
 In pledg whereof, O circumcise my skin.

De eadem ad Christum. Epig. 3.

VHy circumcis'd they Lord thy skin?
 On which there was no soyle of sin.
 It was we that did the crime commit,
 And must thy Body smart for it?
 Was ever such a Method found,
 By Proxy for to cure a wound.
 Was ever such a Surgeon known,
 For others health, would lose his own?
 'Twas thus twixt thee and us indeed,
 We sinn'd, and thou alas didst bleed,
 Thou bled'st for us. O! who can hear
 Thou didst so, and not shed a tear?
 A tear! ingrateful, could we weep
 Oceans of tears, as vast and deep
 As those great Seas, whose floods are roul'd
 Betwixt the new found world and old:
 They would not all suffice to pay
 On drop of what thou bledst to day.

Epiphany.

Epiphany. Epig. 1.

A Star this day my Saviour preacheth thee,
To show what lights thy Preachers ought to be
Hereafter all would shine like Stars, but oh!
How few endeavour here so bright to show?

De eadem. Epig. 2.

IN great Eclipses Stars are seen to shine,
Such an Eclipse (my God) was never as thine.
No wonder if a Star did rule the day,
The Sun disrob'd of all his splendor lay.
Such shades of night his beams had over-run,
That men did need a Star to find the Sun.

De eadem. Epig. 3.

WHat's this my God these *Magi* say,
That they have seen thy Star to day?
Have all men then their proper Stars,
On which in secret characters,
Discern'd alone by skilful eyes,
Are writ all humane destinies.
Or was there some peculiar sign
Engrav'd upon this Star of thine?
On sight whereof these men could tell,
The birth of *Judah's* King so well?
Or was't a more celestial beam,
From whence this radiant lustre came?

Was

Was it thy Spirit, and not their skill,
 That did this heavenly light enstill?
 Thy Spirit was present Lord we know,
 But doubt whither Art concurr'd or no,
 However if such Arts there be
 That lead their followers unto thee.
 And of thy Birth and Kingdom show,
 Happy are they that use them so:
 And happy Arts, if such there be,
 That lead their followers unto thee.
 Let self-wise Zealors all contemn,
 And vainly fear to practise them,
 Yet if I may learn thee thereby,
 Lord teach me such *Astrology*.

St. Pauls Conversion. Epig. 1.

SEE here my soul what power thy Saviour hath,
 He who so late destroy'd, now builds the Faith.
 Who would despair that this example see,
 Thy God, my soul, may do as much for thee.

De eadem. Epig. 2.

GOD hath forgiven thy sins, blest *Paul*, we know,
 Yet he with thine own rod will scourge thee
 None did pursue the Name of Jesus more, (though,
 And for that Name, none is pursu'd so sore;
 A fruitful soyle thy rage did light upon,
 Thou gav'st some death's, and suffredst many a one.
 Thus

Thus God at once a pattern made in thee,
Both of his Justice, and his Clemencie.

*Upon the light that shone round about St.
Paul, as he was travelling to Damascus.*

Act. 9. 3.

Epig. 3.

I Thought sweet Saviour, thou haest sent this light
Not to deprive, but to restore the sight
Of this rash Zealot, whose offence, alas!
Not malice to thy truth, but blindness was;
Yet Lord, no sooner he these beams descries,
But 'stead of being cur'd, he lost his eyes.
What Paradox is this my God? may then
Thy rayes be look'd on by no mortal men?
Must we have eyes from thee as well as light?
Else mid st of day shall we be wrapp'd in night?
Or is't thy way of cure? unless we be
First stricken blind, canst thou not make us see?
If so, our selves, Lord, at thy feet we cast,
Do what thou wilt, so we may see at last.

Decollatio Caroli.

*Upon the Scotch Insurrection, and the black
consequences thereof.*

Epig. 1.

Scots in Greek black darkness doth import
With us a Scotchman; and theres reason for't,
For

For those black deeds that Hell would hardly own,
 The Scotchmen first began to set upon.
England indeed matur'd the horrid Plot,
 But the first rise thereof was from the Scot.

*Upon Mat. 18. 8, 9. If thine hand or thy
 foot offend thee, &c.*

Epig. 2.

Our Lords mild counsels only did extend,
 To th' eye, and hand, and foot, that did offend.
 But our new Doctors more profoundly read,
 To save the Body, lopp'd away the Head.
 Blest Artists, may their trembling hearts be sure
 At their worst throwes, to meet with such a cure.

*Upon the Proverb that styles the King of
 England, King of Devils.*

Epig. 3.

Devils I believe when they rebell'd, had spight
 Enough t' have thrown th' Eternal Godhead
 Both from his throne and being. But their sin (quite
 Met with a Power, that curb'd those furies in,
 And so abridg'd their guilt. But our black brood
 Found none to Heavens unfathom'd counsel stood
 That dur't oppose their crimes, but curst have done
 That which those Devils but only thought upon.
 And therefore their foul sin, as far exceeds
 The others, as intents come short of deeds.

Februarius.

Februarivs.

TO Princely Numa's gift my name I owe,
Who by Egeria taught, that men below
By their continued trespasses incense, (thence.
The heavenly Powers to hurle their judgments
Chose this my Month to be a time, wherein
With annual purgings they might cleanse their sin.
And from those Rites which in that language cary
The name of *Februa* call'd me *February*.
Christians yet stile me so, but oh the shame!
Th' have lost the practice, though they keep the
(name.

The Feasts of February. 2.

Mary on *Februs* second's purify'd. guide.
The fourteenth day young *Valentine* doth
The four and twentieth is *Matthias* guift,
All but Leap-years, and then the twenty-fifth.

Purification of the blessed Virgin.

Epig. 1.

Blest Mother of the Blessedst Seed, that are
The pregnant womb of teeming flesh did bear.
What new black staines be these thy soul have dy'd,
That thou hast need now to be purify'd?
Art not thou she, bright Virgin, whom ere while,
The tongue of Angels full of Grace did stile?

Arg

Art not thou she, who lately from above
 Ore shadowed was't by that all-hallowing Dove?
 Art not thou she, from whose thrice happy womb
 Repleat with mercies, all our cleansings come?
 And can there yet, blest Mayd, such reasons be
 Why these vain Rites should be apply'd to thee?
 I know not, Lord, what these thwart runnings mean,
 Can fulness want, or grace be stil'd unclean?
 Can other terrene brutish Pigeons do
 That which thy Dove could not attain unto?
 Or he that freed the guiltful world from blame,
 Could he not cleanse the womb from whence he
 Far be such impious thoughts, these Rites infer (came
 No want of power in them, nor grace in her.
 They were ap^r springs, rich streams of grace to yeeld,
 And she a Vessel easy to be fill'd.
 Only th'unnurtur'd World, that could not see,
 (Blind that they were) this hidden Energie.
 Must be convinc'd by formes, we're often fain
 With outward shoves rash censures to restrain.
 'Tis to be pure that most availes indeed,
 Yet to be thought so, is no more then need.

Ad Mariam. Epigr. 2.

I Cannot tell, the Substance self. being by (high
 Why these vain shadowes should be priz'd so
 'Tis that blest Babe, whom thy glad armes enclose,
 From whence both thine, and all our cleansing
 flows. This

This Ritual Law no other use pretends,
But to adumbrate what from him descends.
And is superfluous now, unlessse it be
To shew how well the type and thing agree.
Or that the Worlds weak eyes were yet too dim,
Unless 'twere through a veyle to look on him.
Blest Mayd, thou no such medium's want'st indeed,
Whose eyes undazeled, on his beams do feed.
But we whose weakness cannot brook the Sun,
By shadowes best discern his motion.

Epigr. 3.

I Apprehend, Bright Maid, no reason for't,
So God-like pure, as we believe thou wert,
Why thou should'st these mysterious Rites apply
Thy spotless self, yet more to purify.
Unless perhaps, as some affirm; there be
A new found *Acme* in Divinitie,
Like unto that, which in another sense,
Grammarians call the more then perfect sense:
I know not how their dreams they can assure,
But this I know, thou'rt either more then pure,
Or these Mysterious Rites, Bright Mayd, to thee,
That wert so pure before, superflous be.

Valentine. a Valendo. Epig. 1.

Thy name imports a Power, and justly too,
For no Power else can work, what thine can do.
King

Kings rule the earth, fire, sword, and torturing racks
 The body with a thousand death's distracts;
 But can proceed no further, only thine,
 Thy power commands the soul, great *Valentine*.

Epigr. 2.

THere's no resisting, I must serve thee too,
 Great Saint, as well as all the Creatures do.
 Feirce untam'd Beasts, and winged Fowles betray
 A sense of Love, and feel thy power to day.
 And so do I, but in a lawful fire
 Whose heat, oh may it never more expire!

Epigr. 3.

NO more vayne men, to Cupids Altars sue,
 We have a better Saint to go unto: (hold
 A Saint that breaths chaste flames, whose hand doth
 Arrowes compacted all of purest gold.
 No leaden mixtures, no blew wounds that show
 The venom'd point from whence their rancors flow.
 If then to blesse your amorous hopes, you need
 Some favoring Powers; let *Valentine* succeed
 The *Cyprian* fondling. Pious souls may seek
 The sweets of Love, without a blushing cheek.

Matthias

Matthias de seipso. Epigr. 1.

A Ccurst *Iscariots* vacant roome I fill,
See's make their *Bishops* neither good nor ill.
All are not rocks that sit in *Peters* chaire,
Nor Divels, that *Judas* his successors are.

Judas ad Romanos. Epigr. 2.

Fond *Romans*, *Peters* dubious chaire resigne,
'Tis for your honor more to sit in mine.
None of the twelve themselves will not deny,
Left an Apostle in his seat, but I.
Their meaner followers, meaner titles bare,
Mine with th' eleven assum'd an equal chaire.
If you would needs aspire, my name had bin,
Apter t' have mask'd your vast ambition in
Then *Peter's* claime, of whom 'tis hard to know,
Whe'r ere indeed he were at *Rome*, or no.
But my opprobrious death is that alone,
Which your else shameless cheeks do blush to own.
As for the rest, the conscous world doth see
That you recede from *Cephas*, more then me.
In outward show, I seem'd for *Jesus's* sake
To quit the world, and his sharp cross to take,
But play'd the thief the while, and made no spare,
So I might fill the cursed bagge I bare.
To rob the poor, and as if that were small,
To set to sale, even *Christ* himself and all.

P. B. 36.

E. a.

Yes

Yet mask'd my treasons still with sacred guile,
 And cry'd, hail Lord, and kiss'd him too the while.
 And is not this your guise, I pray you tell,
 Can any actions be more parallel.
 Did ever any to one chaire succeed,
 Whose lives exactly view'd, so well agreed?
 But go to, since you think it yet a shame
 Though you approve my works, to own my name,
 Know this, your Seat's not so asham'd of me,
 As my Successor of your seat would be.

*Upon Joseph surnamed Justus, that was pass'd
 by; and Matthias that was chosen by lot
 into the roome of Judas. Act. 1. 24, 26.*

Epigr. 3.

(doom,
Joseph (the Just) refus'd Heavens righteous
 Lots out *Matthias* unto *Judas's* room.
 God looks not with mans eyes, the thing and name,
 His wisdom oft finds, not to be the same.
 The Just one, could not but the Just approve
 Conformity's the surest ground of love.
 But his discerning eyes, no doubt, did see
 One not so stil'd, to be more Just then he.

March, 1.

Change but the names, the Heathen Fables are
 Our Christian Gospels; what's their God of war
 But

But our dread Lord of Hoasts, their vestal Nun,
 And great *Quirinus* her immortal Son,
Romes God-like Founder, by his Patriots slayn,
 But from the eating grave reviv'd again,
 And in his Fathers Chariot, mounted high
 Above Heavens star-enamel'd canopy.
 If you will note it, what doth this proclaime,
 But *Jesus*, and his Virgin-Mothers name?
 Give things this sense, and you shall nothing erre,
 Though you this Month to *Mars* his name referr.
 Though *Rhea Sylva* have her Festal day,
 And *Romulus* his *Quirinalia*.
 All, if you thus interpret, things will be,
 Who ere gain-saies it, good Divinitie.

The Feasts of March. 2.

(claime.

Wales for her *David*, *March* his first doth
 The sixteenth bears the Irish *Patricks* name.
 Bright *Gabriel* on the twenty fifth doth bear
 Glad tidings to the Virgin-Mothers care.

Saint David. Epigr. 1.

Butes Sons shall never say, great Saint, that I
 Have thrust thy name out of our Liturgy.
 Let others doubt thy History, to me
 It is enough that *Cambrians* honor thee.

Epigr. 2.

Bishop, or Champion, whether name be due,
 Or whether both, great Saint, and thou like to
 That other *David*, in one person bear
 Prophet and Souldiers equal character.
 I cannot tell, but this I am assur'd
 Under thy auspice, *Wales* hath long endur'd.

Epigr. 3.

When my observing thoughts revolv how long
Brutes warlike Sons have kept their name
 and tongue: (held,
 With what stout hands, they their own fields have
 Maugre the rage of those feirce stormes which
 swell'd
 From the rough *Saxons*, *Danes*, and *Normans* hate,
 Which like the none-excepting doom of fate
 Fell upon all this Isle, and rouled with
 An irresist'd stream from Thames to Frith.
 Yet *Brutes* stern children kept their own, and stood
 Colossi like athwart those Seas of blood
 Unshaken with the tempest. When I weigh
 These things, great *David*, I am forc'd to say,
 That either thou their Champion dost excell,
 Or they no Champion need, they fight so well.

S. Patrick. Epig. 1.

VEnice sometimes chose *Theodore* to be
Her guardian Saint, but when she found that he
Gave no success to her designs, she laid
Him by, and call'd in *Mark* unto her aid,
Which course unless the ruin'd *Ireland* run
And change her Saint too, she is quite undone ;
For either her *Patrick* cannot ease her needs,
Or which is worse, he cares not how she speeds.

Epig. 2.

P*atrick* his prayers they say to pass did bring,
That in the Irish soil no venom'd thing
May breed, no Toads, no Serpents, Spiders there,
Nor other poisonous creatures do appear :
A blessed gift ! if what in them is lost,
The men have not within their breasts ingroft.

Epig. 3.

VVise *Romans* when they first commenced
wars,
Against a Town call'd out her Tutelars,
And gave them worship lest perhaps they might,
In favour of the place against them fight :
Which course whether *England* took when long
Sh' assail'd the Irish Kings I do not know. (ago,
But

But this I'me sure their *Patricks* hand since then
Was ne're lift up against the English-men.

Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin. Epig. 1.

HAd *Adam* known his wife before the fall,
The blessing doubtless had been virtual
To propagation, and her first-born Son,
Had been conceiv'd without corruption:
But 'twas not so, the guilt which she convey'd
To all her Issue, proves she sinn'd a Maid
Before coition, the Impostor knew
Too well accursed, what he had to do,
When he the fountain did infect, that 'all
The lower streams might suck from thence their
gall,
Which yet least it might bring a blot upon
That glorious state, the Angels portion,
The lot of Spirits, the life of heaven, and we
For her crimes sake might loath virginity,
His Grace our all-wise Saviour did dispense,
In such an answering method, that th' offence
And cure at one same gate might enter in,
And the salvation parallel the sin:
Thus what a Maiden lost, a Maid restores,
A Virgin caus'd, a Virgin heal'd our sores.
Evah transgres'd, but you revers'd may read,
In *Maries Ave* both her name and deed:

Upon

Upon Luke 1. 45. Blessed is she that beleev'd, &c.

Epig. 2.

Such news blest maid as this bright Angel brings
Of such unheard of inconsistent things,
'Tis as much wonder that thou couldst beleeve,
As 'tis that God could those strange works atchieve:
What hand could interweave but his alone,
A Moment and Eternity in one,
Th' incomprehended essence and a span,
The creature and Creator, God and Man.
Or which is lesse, yet hard enough to do,
Comprise in one a Maid and Mother too;
'Twas only God this work to pass could bring,
And onely thou that couldst beleve the thing.

Epig. 3.

When in our flesh thou deign'st to lodge no
room,
My God would serve thee, but a Virgins womb:
But in our hearts being pleas'd by faith to dwell,
It is not now thy lot to speed so well;
For such, oh horrid, is our sinful state,
Thou canst find none thats not adulterate.

To find Easter for ever.

The change in *Februs* if there any be,
Or that which first ensues note carefully,

And the next *Tuesday* doubt it not all,
 That doth succeed *Shrove Tuesday* you may call.
Shrove-Tuesday past you may be bold to say,
 That *Sunday* six weeks after's *Easter Day*.

The other Moveable Feasts. 2.

TWodays *Good Friday* *Easter* doth precede,
 Fourty from thence to *Holy Thursday* lead;
 Ten more unto *Whitsunday* numbred be,
 And one week after that to *Trinity*.

Good-Friday, Passio Domini, Epig. 1.

HEe's dead: Insult the Infernal Powers, the
 dread
Messias, Jesus whom you fear'd is dead;
 But stay, rejoyce not neither, it is from
 His death, that your great Empires fall doth come.
 'Twas a strange combat this, wherein to slay,
 The foe you fought with, was to lose the day;
 Yet thus it was, the Field had been your own,
 Had you not our great Champion overthrown:
 But through his sides your selves accurst you slew,
 And he being ruin'd by you, ruin'd you.

Upon

Upon Luke 22.44. *And his sweat was as it were
great drops of blood falling to the ground.*

See here my soul what weight in sin remains
When he whose shoulder all things else sustains,
Bow'd underneath the load : if he that stood
In equall poize with God, sweat clods of blood,
And the Almighty groan'd to undergo
The burthen, what must finite creatures do ?

Upon Matth. 27.52, 53. *And the graves were
opened, and many bodies of Saints which
slept arose. Epig. 3.*

The Prince of life was slain and nothing now
Remain'd on earth, whose greatnes did not bow
To Death's all conquering power, you would have
thought

The world it self would quickly have bin brought
To its last gaspe, and all the creatures have
Been buried with their maker in the grave,
When lo midst all these spoils appal'd with fear,
From his own holds the enfeebled Conquerour
Flies with distracted steps, and leaves his prey,
Free and unguarded to escape away,
From their close dungeons the enfranchis'd dead
Are sent again the sacred streets to tread.
But wonder not, it was but time to flie,
When he beheld his Kingdome seized by

So

So strange a wile. Death found, alas! too late,
 That he had brought a prey within his gate
 That would destroy his rights; and that 'twas vayne
 To think to stay where Jesus was, though slayne
 So sure it was that he, a wondrous thing,
 Who came in Captaine, would go out a King.

Easter-Day. Resurrectio Domini. Epig. 1.

I Know not where the greater wonder lies, (rise.
 That God should dy, or man from death should
 But this I know, th' are both enough to make
 The Angels faith, if not upheld, to shake.
 God is immortal, and for him to dy,
 Were to be stripped of his Deity.
 And for fraile man, being dead, to rise again,
 Is in effect to cease to be humane.
 Neither, if you consider them alone,
 Can be without a contradiction.
 And when all tongues have argu'd what they can,
 God must be God, and man can be but man.
 But start not at it, 'tis not thus that we
 Must measure this transcendent Myserie.
 If you would view these Natures rightly, 'tis
 As they concur in our Hypostasis;
 And thus considered they no more oppose,
 Man-God did die, God-Man from death arose.
 'Twas one same Person both these mazes trod,
 Yet rose he not as Man, nor dy'd as God.

Epigr. 2.

Chrift all the Sabbath bound in Grave did ly;
 The Sabbath types out vast Eternity.
 And 'twas Eternal death, indeed our sin
 Infinite that it was, had wrapp'd us in.
 But he by carrying brake those bonds, and quit
 Us from Eternal death, by suffering it;
 Happy exchange, now though we die, yet shall
 Our death not stretch to that great Festival:
 Death may our Corps indeed a while surprize,
 But we on that great Sabbath's Eve shall rise.

Epigr. 3.

THe *Phœnix* birth no more admire, nor what
 Old Bardes of her renewed age have wrote;
 The Fables which of that strange Bird you read,
 Are in our Jesus verified indeed;
 He's the true *Phœnix*, uncompell'd that flies
 Into the Mountains forked tops and dies.
 His Tombe like hers, with sweet perfumes is fill'd,
 The gums whereof such fragrant smells do yeeld,
 As Heaven it self delights to sent; and those
 Blest Spirits above rejoyce therewith to close.
 Dead from his Grave, as from a second Wombe
 New-borne, like her he back again doth come

Into

Into th' astonish'd world, more faire to see,
 And bright, then ere before he us'd to be.
 Only in this our *Phoenix* comes before
 The other, that once rays'd, he dies no more.

Ascension. Epigr. i.

COME down blest Saviour, 'tis no sin to pray
 Thee down; I hope upon *Ascension* day
 So to descend, as I would have thee do,
 Is not indeed to fall, but mount unto
 A *Zenith*, which thou ne're before couldst gain
 Even my proud heart which rebel lusts have ta'ne,
 And mann'd against thee: this my God is it
 That I would have thee come and see and get;
 Get this strong hold into thy hands, and make
 Her high-rays'd bulwarks at thy storming shake,
 And droop their heads; make my stout thoughts to
 fall

Prostrate before thy glorious feet, and all
 The powers within me to ly low, and be
 Subject henceforth unto no King but thee.
 Do this, dear Lord, and my glad soul shall say
 To me thou ne're ascendedst till to day.

Epigr. 2.

Look in what sense the Son of man was said
To be in Heaven, whil'st yet on Earth he stayd.
In the same sense we grant his body, though
In Heaven, may still be say'd to be below.
He is ascended all agree, that same
Material flesh and blood of his that came
From the pure Virgins Womb, Heavens now retain,
And until all things be restor'd again,
Must still retain it; yet it is confest,
That when the holy Elements are blest
By the Priests powerful lips, though nothing there
To outward sense, but Bread and Wine appear;
Yet doth there under those dark formes reside
The body of the Son of Man that dy'd.
This, what bold tongue soever doth deny,
Gives in effect even Christ himself the ly.
Yet this whoe're too grossly doth maintain,
Pulls his ascended Lord from Heaven again.
A middle course 'twixt those two rocks to steer,
Is that becomes the Christian Mariner.
So to beleeve the Ascension as to grant
His real Presence in the Sacrament;
Yet so his Real Presence there to own
As not to make void his Ascension.

Epigr.

Epig. 3.

THe grave and hell were both subdu'd, & nought
 In those dark coasts was further to be wrought;
 Heaven yet barr'd up her Azure gates to win
 An entrance there, and bring his ransom'd in,
 Our Lord ascends, and with a powerful hand,
 Throws ope those clasped doors that did with-
 Our dear acquir'd admission: Happy day (stand
 Wherein we by a new and living way,
 His flesh the vail have found a means into
 The holy-holy place assur'd to go.
 What shall our joys henceforth retard, when Hell
 And death and heaven are all atton'd so well.

Whitsunday, Epig. 1.

Lord I would fain thy bounteous grace admire,
 Which gav'st thy Spirit this day in flames of
 But cannot do't if that same fire of thine, (fire,
 Which fill'd their glowing bosoms fill not mine.
 Fain I would of those cloven tongues relate
 Which this day on thy dear Apostles fate,
 But cannot speak, alas, as I should do,
 Unless one of those tongues be given me too.
 None Lord can love, nor praise thee well, but those
 On whom thy self both fire and tongue bestows.

Epig. 2.

Epig. 2.

YOU that despise all humane helps whereby
Men are prepared for the Ministry,
And boast you have the Spirit enabling you,
Better then all their Books and Arts can do;
Be not deceiv'd fond men, 'tis more to be
Fitted for such a work, then you can see,
Those whom the Holy Ghost doth thus inspire,
He comes to them in tongues as well as fire;
Show us but them, and wee'll allow your call,
If not, we heed not your vain brags at all.

Epig. 3.

Divided tongues made *Babels* building cease,
But now thy *Zieng* buildings do encrease.
That was a curse, the fruit of sin, but this
One of the Churches greatest blessings is:
Had not that gone before, no need had been,
Thave had this other mercy given in.
But such was now our state, that onely that, (gat.
Could cure the plague, which first the plague be-

Trinity Sunday, Epig. 1.

THree and but one, and one yet branch'd in three
I know not Lord, how this strange thing can be;
But

But 'tis no matter what blind worm I know,
So I can but beleeve that it is so.

Epig. 2.

TAKE heed ye bold enquirers how ye pry
Too much into this sacred mystery,
'Tis safer to beleeve then search too far,
Into those truths that so transcendent are ;
The eyes that gaze too long upon the Sun,
Are often stricken blind ere they have done.

Epig. 3.

TELL me ye Atheists that beleeve no more
Then what your reason fathoms, that vast store
Of rousing waters that doth daily flow
Into the Ocean, whither doth it go ?
What Cisterns do those big swollen streams main-
That every tide are emptied in the main ? (tain,
What dark instinct compels the churlish steel,
The loadstones undiscerned force to feel ?
Or if you will ever vulgar things survey,
Those which you taste and handle every day :
Take me the seeds of every plant and tree,
Of every herb and flower that grows, and see
If when you have ript them open you can find,
A reason why they bring forth such a kind,
And

And not another ; where that virtue lyes,
That such a form and taste, and smell supplies,
So proper to it self, that nothing well
The same, except it self can parallel.
Hence let your serious thoughts reflect agen,
On the strange Fabrick both of Beasts and men,
Their bones, their veins, their arteries and all,
Th' essential stamps they bear and casual,
The colour of their hair, their eyes and skin,
The extent, their age, and stature's bounded in ;
And tell me whether your quick-sight can read
The ground of all these wonders in the seed.
Poor Skeptricks, in these common things below,
The furthest that your utmost skill can go,
Is only to discern that thus they be,
But why they're thus, alas, you cannot see :
Yet with th' Almighty you are grown so bold,
That though you in his Holy Word be told ;
That that one ever blessed Essence is
Distinguish'd into three Hypostasies.
And that those three Hypostasies abide,
Still one same Essence undiversified ;
Yet is it not enough for you to know,
That thus it is, unless we further show
You why, and how it can be thus, and bring
Some proofs besides his *Dixit*, of the thing.
But go to you, Blasphemers, if there be,
No other way to clear this Myserie,
Unto your staggering Faith, but sense, be sure
One day (though then 'twill be too late a cure)

Your very eyes shall see, and seeing pine,
The glory of the *Trix-une*, *Uni-trine*.

April 1.

Romans this Month to *Venus* did assign, (line.
From whom their Prince *Aeneas* drew his
Her *Aphrodite* from those white froths they call
Which gave their Goddess his original,
And the Month *April*: 'Tis a nobler wombe,
From whence our Princes high descent doth come,
Nor is't from spurious froaths, but Seas that we
May draw (we think) her Etymologie.
Put all together, froaths with Seas compare,
View what both Princes, what their mothers are;
And if the odds with *Venus* still remain,
Let her the guidance of this Month retain;
But if our *Marie* have a juster right,
Let her assume the place of *Aphrodite*.

The Feasts of April 2.

ON *Aprils* three and twentieth *George* bestrides,
His warlike steed and gainst the Dragon rides.
The twenty fift to raise our wonder more,
The winged *Lyon's* voice is heard to roar.

Saint

Saint George, Epig. 1.

See here in *Georges* Portraiture a true
Description of what Christians ought to do ;
No civill warrs, no brothers blood imbrues
His righteous hands, he no such foes pursues ;
The cross his Engin is, his Faith his shield,
His sword the Scripture, his own heart the Field ;
His enemy the Dragon, him alone
He thinks it worth his while to set upon ;
O God that we who *George* our champion call,
Save such as these would fight no fights at all.

Epig. 2.

Wouldst thou a combat undertake wherein,
Thou might'st be sure the victory to win,
And with it gain a Kingdome too, then fight
Saint Georges duels, let thy opposite,
Be the red Dragon, and on him be sure,
Thou both the one, and th'other shalt procure ;
For none ere fought with him but won the day,
And none ere won, but bore a Crown away.

Epig. 3.

VV Hether *George* a humane creature were indeed,

Or but an Embleme of that promised seed,
Whom God of old had set apart to tread
Upon the conquered Serpents wounded head;
Is not agreed: But this is sure, no hand,
Of men or Devils, is able to withstand
Those whom that Champion aides, let him but fight
On *Englands* side, and we will dare the spight
Of all the adverse world, no power can harm
Them who are guarded by so strong an arm:
Needs must his might all other force repell,
Before whose feet the Dragon conquered fell.

Saint Mark, Epig. 1.

CHrist is the Lambe so sacred Writs define,
To *Mark* a Lions Figure they assign;
Yet see what Miracles from grace can spring,
The Lamb is now become the Lyons King.

Epig. 2.

DRead not poor sheep, this roaring Lion here,
Goes not about your trembling flesh to tear,
The

The World is chang'd, those paws that us'd of old
To rend the flock, do now preserve the fold.
But would you know by what means this is done,
Saturn was then in *Leo*, now the Sun.

Upon the State of Venice, or S. Marks arrogating the dominion of the Adriatick Sea.

Epig. 3.

I Wonder not if all the Earth doth fear
Venetia's power, her Patron *Mark* doth bear
A Lions figure, whose stern voice doth make
The neighboring desarts all about to shake;
Nor do I wonder when the Beast doth spread
His wings abroad, if all the air do dread.
Thus far there's reason for't, the Earth and Air
Are both th'amphibious Monsters thorow-fair;
And 'tis not to be wondred, if he fills
Both Tracts with terror of his voice and quills.
This only I admire, upon what right,
He Lords it over the blew *Amphitrite*; (free
Why Seas should fear him, whose curl'd waves are
From his proud threats, and roar as loud as he.

May 1.

Such due respects wise *Romans* to their grave
And hoary Elders, though but Heathens, gave,
C 3 That

That next their guardian Deities they set,
 Their Names upon this Months fair Fronteler;
 Which it keeps still unraz'd, and to this day,
 From those Grand Majors is surnamed *May*.
 Age crown'd with wisdom high regards doth
 Ancient of days is Gods own glorious name: (claim
 Whose more especial stamp doth seem to be
 Engrav'd upon their snowie gravitie;
 Yet such is our foul sin, oh! wo the while,
 We slight the duty, though we own the stile.

The Feasts in May 2.

P*hilip and Jacob May* the first doth own
 The twenty ninth *Charles* re-ascends his
 Throne.

Philip and Jacob Epigr. 1.

Great pair of Saints, when your two names I see
 Coupled together in the Epigraphie,
 Of this fair Feast, I'me ready strait to cry,
 That surely *Sol's* in love with *Gemini*;
 Before his time the horned Bull forsakes,
 And with the beauteous Twins his lodging takes;
 This certainly the glorious Saints, I know
 That when your lovely souls were hous'd below
 A brighter Sun in them did fix his rays,
 Not for a Month alone, but all your days:

And

And now (though rap'd from hence) he hath lodg'd
you where,
Full of himself you ever may appear.

Epigr. 2.

VV Hen I inscrib'd upon this day had read,
The name of *Jacob*, I straight fancied
Some supplantation, like to what of old,
Of the first *Jacob* Holy Writs have told.
But here is no such thing, our *Jacob* here,
Doth not with holy *Phillip* intervere;
Here are no such contentions, neither feels,
The others hand surprizing of his heels;
Here is no strife for birth-right mov'd, nor yet
Which shall the Fathers happy blessing get.
Both are content, and both indeed obtain
That which the other Brothers sought to gain,
From one another with so much ado,
Both have the birth-right, and the blessing too.

*Upon the two Phillips, the Apostle, and the
Evangelist. Epig. 3.*

THe Macedonian *Philips* glorious name,
His own, and Sons great actions do proclaim;
The World yet rings thereof, and will do still,
While men shall use their tongues, or hold a quill:

Yet 'tis not all the Fields that Warriour won,
 Can match what our two *Philips* power hath done,
 Small narrow bounds his conquests did confine,
 Theirs stretch themselves on either side the line,
 Even to the untrodden Poles: his power and sway
 Is long ago expir'd and swept away
 By Times rude hand, of all the sprouts that shot
 From that rich stem, one sprig remaineth not
 To shade the earth, but by a wondrous fall,
 Are quite extinct, even root and branch and all.
 But from our *Philips* verdant stock, there still
 Spring such fresh boughs, as no keen frosts shal kill,
 Nor pruning hooks lop down, whilst that bright
 pair

Of Lamps, with splendid beams shall guild the air,
 Their fruit shall still increase, and day by day,
 Wax still more fair, and further from decay.
 So that hereafter when unerring Fame,
 Shall set true value on the *Philips* name,
 The other meaner acts she shall decline,
 And t' ours alone, the names of *Fair* assign.

*Regicipium, Or the Return of Charles the second,
 being also his Birth-day. Epig. 1.*

TWelve years black night our Royal Sun had
 'Twas long indeed the Stygian *Nadir* did (hid
 From our sad coasts, his cheerful rayes detain,
 Whilst we poor creatures scarce e're look'd again,

To

To see the Morning dawn, or one bright beam
 Of his, through our Horizons vaults to stream.
 But heavens be blest the long-wish'd day at last
 Is broke again, and those thick clouds that cast
 Such dismal shades ore all this Islands frame,
 Are thrust again to Hell from whence they came.
 Go happy *Brittains*, you whose eyes have done
 So long a pennance, greet your rising Sun
 With more then *Persian* adorations, they (day.
 Wh' have felt such darkness, well may prize their

Epig. 2.

What name great *Charles* shall this blest Isle
 assign,

To those propitious heavenly beams of thine :

Englands bright Sun shall we entitle thee,

That name indeed would best of all agree

To thine immense perfections, which suffice

Alone to glad so many kingdoms eyes.

Only t'would make us fear that envious night,

For all this, yet would rob us of thy sight.

And who can think of losing such a Sun,

And not even mad with startling horror run :

Shall we then call thee our bright Arctick star,

She bears 'tis true thy name upon her carr,

And which to us sounds best, ne're sets at all,

But yet alas, her beams are weak and small ;

Like

Like an obscure Rush-candle's match'd with thine,
 Which clearer then the mid-days Chariot shine.
 What then remains, Dear Prince, but that we pray,
 That since thy lustre, and our wishes may
 By neither of these Lamps dis-joyn'd be shown,
 Their married powers in thee may meet in one;
 That thou may'st shine like *Sol* when he displays
 'Twixt *Cancer's* claws at noon his brightest rays;
 But like the Northern Bear may'st never sleep,
 In *Thetis* watry covertures, but keep
 In thy full strength, thy radiant Zenith still,
 And with perpetual day these Kingdoms fill.

Epig. 3.

• **T**Is no small honor these three Realms do pay,
 Of right great Prince, to this auspicious day,
 Which brought thee first into the world, and gave
 Us hopes of those rich fruits which now we have.
 This crown'd it much indeed; but 'tis far more
 Endear'd since that upon another score,
 Thy glorious restitution, which was wrought
 This day almost beyond all humane thought;
 That was thy Birth, but this may well be sed
 To be thy resurrection from the dead,
 And ours indeed in thine, for all the while,
 That thou wert banish'd, death possess'd this Isle,
 And we lay buried in thy losse, but when
 Thou once return'd'st, we all reviv'd agen

And

And breath'd new life, for which great mercies, we
Must ever pay our thanks to it, and thee.

June 1.

Young men this Month is yours, your Country
shows,

What honor she to springing virtue owes.
When as a pledge thereof, she's proud to wear
Your name, inscrib'd upon her Calendar.
Goodness at any time acceptance wins,
But 'tis best priz'd when it in youth begins.

The Feasts of June 2.

The 'leventh of *June* bright *Barnabas* obtains
The twenty fourth the new-born *Baptist* gains.
The nine and twentieth day apart is set,
To him that first for Christ forsook his net.

Barnabas Apostle, upon *Acts* 11.22.&c. *Epig.* 1.

See what an humble soul can yeeld to do,
Barnabas by the Apostles sent into
An ample Province, to command and guide
The Church of *Antioch*, freely doth divide,

His

His charge with *Saul* the convert, and is glad
 To have him share in all the power he had.
 Good men for Christs behoof their interests wave,
 And are content to part with all they have;
 Let thy Church thrive (so they their prayers begin)
 And 'tis no matter who doth lose or win.

Upon Acts 11. 26. Epig. 2.

FROM *Barnabas* and *Saul's* advice, the Name
 Of Christians first to Christs Disciples came.
 They preach'd not for themselves, and could not
 To see their hearers dote upon the look (brook
 Or garbe of any earthly Minister,
 How great soever or polite he were.
 'Twas Christ that own'd the building, and 'twas fit
 They thought't should bear his Name that purchas'd it.

Christians rejoyce in your great stile, to bear
 This title, is more glorious then to wear
 Imperial Crowns. But pay your thanks withall
 For this great grace to *Barnabas* and *Saul*. (sprung
 'Twas Christ indeed from whom your honour
 But through those golden Pipes it pass'd along.

Upon Acts 15. 39. Epig. 3.

WHO would have thought that there could ever
 Such bitter strifes 'twixt *Barnabas* & *Paul*, (fall
 That

That they whose tongues so sweetly did accord,
In the confession of one God, one Lord,
One Spirit of grace, who one same hope enjoy'd,
One Faith, one Baptism, that were both employ'd
In one same Function, and so long had stood,
Twin-like conjoyned in one Brotherhood.
That they should jarr, and jarr so sharply too,
That they must part; oh this is sad to view,
Good Lord, how loose are mens affections tide,
Whom every trivial difference can divide;
Our comfort is when once w're knit to thee.
That bond no time shall ever cancel'd see.

John the Baptist. Epigr. 1.

John was that voice that in the Desert cryed,
All *Judah* heard it, and was terrified;
And who will wonder if they shook with fear,
When they such shrill and dreadfull sounds did
All I admire's how this to pass should come, (hear.
1 L. he should get this Cryer that was dumbe.

Epigr. 2.

Enoch that walk'd with God, and *Abraham*,
His chosen friend, to whom the promise came;
Moses the Steward of his house, and he
That up to heaven on fiery Steeds did flee.

These

These doubtless had great visions, and deseried
 More of their God, then all those times beside;
 Yet 'twas not all those Saints, nor any one
 Before or after equaliz'd our *John*;
 Who had the honour at one time to hear
 The Father speak, and see the Spirit appear;
 And with his hands unworthy to baptize,
 The Son that in the Fathers bosome lies.
 Great *John* well did thy Saviours tongue proclaim
 That amongst all that out of women came,
 Like thee there was no Prophet who alone,
 Distinctly sav'st at once the three in one.

Epigr. 3.

BEhold here! how the great high Priest doth
 To be baptized by his servants hand: (stand
 And fear oh man how thou those seals refuse,
 Which Christ thy Lord himself rejoyc'd to use;
 And whatsoe're the frail dispenser be,
 Remember *John* had sins as well as he.

Peter Apostle. Epig. 1.

PETER the rock that whilome stood so sure,
 That he (unmov'd) was able to endure
 The blasts of Hell it self, now down is thrown
 By a poor Damsels feeble breath alone;

Lord

Lord what is man? if thou withdraw thy hand,
When such firm rocks as *Peter* cannot stand.

Upon Luke 22. 61. Epig. 2.

Sathan now thought that he had given so sore
A wound to *Peter*, that he never more,
Should raise again his bruised head, but lie
Weltering for ever in his blood, and die.
And who indeed that heard our *Peter* swear
And curse, if ere he knew who *Jesus* were,
Would think there could be any hope of cure,
For such a desperate deadly Calenture.
But see poor sinners what a power there lies,
In your relenting Saviours gracious eyes;
When he no sooner casts a pittying look,
On wretched *Peter*, whom all life forsook;
But he revives again, and with his tears
Gives proof, that yet some hope of grace appears.
Lord if thine eyes have such a power indeed,
Where-ere they look, repentant tears to breed;
Oh look on me, that I who have sin'd as deep,
As *Peter* did, may go with him and weep.

Upon Mark 14. 72. Epig. 3.

T Was thought of old, the Cocks shril voice did
The Princely Lions warlike heart to shake;

But

But this I'me sure not all the Fiends in Hell
 Conspiring, could have rung so sad a knell
 In *Peters* ears, as this Cocks voice did do,
 When now the second time he loudly crew;
 But fear not *Peter*, 'twas sweet Chanticleer,
 No Screech-Owl this thy troubled ears did hear;
 Or rather indeed 'twas thy griev'd Lord that spake
 By this Birds tongue, and cry'd awake, awake;
 It is enough, thou'st thrice deny'd my name,
Peter awake, and sin no more for shame.
 Return to him that loves thee so, that he
 For all this yet is gone to die for thee: (rise,
 Thus crow'd the Cock, thou heardst and strait didst
 And back return'dst, poor soul, with weeping eyes;
 O God, that when we hear him crow, we knew
 But how to take such hints, and do so too.

July 1.

FROM five this Month sometimes deriv'd its
 name,
 Which now great *Julius* doth more justly claim;
 'Twas he indeed new form'd the year, and gave
 The Months those measur'd portions which they
 And 'twas but fit the Father of them all, (have
 One child in twelve by his own name should call;
 Heathens all yeeld, great Prince, it should be so,
 Who to thy pains their perfect *Æra's* owe:

We

We Christians grant it too ; who by thy aid
More punctual in our years of Christ are made.

The Feasts of July.

SAd *Mandlin*, *July's* two and twentith claims;
The twenty fift's assign'd to greater *James*.

Mary Magdalene Epig. 1.

*M*ay when I thy former state recall,
What sins, what Devils thou here wert fill'd
withall,

Yet see thee now all brightly cloathed fir,
At thy beloved Saviours glorious feet.
I cannot but admire that bounteous grace;
That takes such sinners to so sweet a place;
Yet when I think what floods of tears below
From thine even almost drowned eyes did flow,
How oft thou bath'dst thy Saviours feet and then
With thy torn locks didst wipe them dry agen;
I should have wondred if that place had bin
Too good for such a soul t^have lodged in;
Tears mixt with faith such power in heaven do
bear,
That they can place the greatest sinners there.

Upon John 20. 13. Epig. 2.

Mary her buried Lord (she thought) had lost,
 Yet see how dear this small adventure cost
 Her tender heart; mark how she wept and praid
 To know but where her breathless Christ was laid;
 But thou my sencelesse soul: Oh dreadfull word!
 Canst loose the presence of thy glorious Lord
 Days without number; yet scarce find a tear
 To witnesse that thou once didst hold him dear.
 Ah my vile heart, if thou thy Christ didst prize,
 As Mary did, thou wouldst have *Maries* eyes.

Upon Mark 16. 9. and John 20. 17. Epig. 3.

See here what links of comfort meet to crown
 Her drooping head, who but even now powr'd
 down
 Such streams of tears, no mortall eye must see
 Their raised Lord, till first his *Mary* be
 Blest with the Vision, till those eyes that wept
 So much for grief, as much for joy have leap'd;
 Nor is't enough to feast her eyes alone
 With this glad sight, hee'l use her lips upon
 A glorious Message to his Brethren, she
 Shall an Apostle to the Apostles be;

Them-

Themselves he means shall see the truth ere long,
But they shall owe it first unto her tongue;
So carefull is our gracious Lord that those,
That mourn for him shall not by mourning lose.

James Apostle, Upon Acts 12.2. cum Mat. 20.21.
Epig. 1.

Great *James* the first of all the twelve I think,
Thou of thy Saviours bloody cup didst drink,
But grieve not at it: 'Twas the readiest way
To gain that room for which thou once didst pray,
Who holds it now, let bolder tongues report,
This one! I know, thou didst bid fairly for't.

Upon James and John the two sons of Zebedee.
Epig. 2.

Good God what odds 'twixt these two bre-
thren lyes,
This first, that last of all the Apostles dies,
This an untimely bloody death abides,
That in a gentle quiet slumber glides
Out of the world (if he at all be gone
From hence, and must not rise again anon.)
Both sued indeed (mov'd with a like unfit
Ambition) on their Lords two hands to sit
And undertook in lieu thereof, to sup
Their parts with him of his unpleasant cup:

This had a share, but that for reasons best
 Known to his Lord's reserv'd for longer rest:
 How little is it, Lord, that we can know
 Of men? by what betides them here below:
 Some die for Christ, and those that do not so,
 Are oft as dear to him as those that do;
 To will to die for him, though't do not come
 To pass, in his account is Martyrdome.

Upon both the Jameses. Epigr. 2.

NEither of the *Jameses* ever was in *Spain*,
 They had their tasks elsewhere, that did detain
 Their pains and persons: *Paul* indeed we know
 Had a design into those parts to go,
 Which if he did not execute the blame
 If any, from his troubles onely came,
 Which kept him back, not from his changed mind,
 Which firmly still to serve them was inclin'd,
 Yet how it comes to passe I cannot tell,
 But *Paul* that had deserv'd of them so well,
 Is laid aside, and *James* receiv'd alone
 To be the Patron of that Nation;
 Yea not content with this, through blinded zeal,
 In points of Faith, from *Paul* they do appeal
 To *James* his doctrine, as if heaven's had made
 Him to be judge of what the other said:
 And that his purer Comments must give light,
 To those more doubtful texts that *Paul* did write.
 But

But fools they one day to their cost shall know,
That one same Spirit in both their pens did flow:
And that these wretches that dishonour *Paul*,
Shall that day find no friend of *James* at all.

August 1.

A *ugustus* name, this Month inscrib'd doth bear,
A name that still is sweet to every ear;
Sweet for the peace he gave the world, for though
At his first entrance, Seas of Blood did flow
Ore all the earth, he stopp'd the deadly spring,
And golden rest into all lands did bring;
But that 'which made him most unparallel'd
Is that his reign, the Prince of peace beheld.

The Feasts of August 2.

A *ugust* the twenty fourth to *Bart'lemew*,
The twenty ninth's the headless *Baptists* due.

Bartholomew Apostle, Epig. 1.

How is it Lord, that there's no mention made
In all thy book, of what was done or said
By this thy great Apostle? other men
Of meaner rank, and gifts, thy sacred Pen

Finds time to speak of, but of him alas!
 There doth not one bare word distinctly passe,
 Was it to teach us, that those Tapers are
 Not ever of most worth, that brightest glare,
 That deep-fraught souls lie always snug and low,
 Whilst empty hulks loom big, and lofty show;
 Or is't enough that thou hast let us see
 A proof in some, of what the others be;
 Men bring not all their wares to open test,
 A few sound right, give credit to the rest:
 Lord we submit, and by the things we hear
 Of *Peter* judge, what all his brethren were.

Upon Luke 22. 29, 30. Epig. 2.

IT is not much great *Bart'lemew* indeed,
 That of thy works and labours we do read,
 But this we from thy Lords own mouth do find
 That thou a Throne and Kingdom hadst assign'd,
 As well as *John* and *Peter* had whose pains,
 The holy Text so punctually explains;
 And who will think that servants labors came
 Short of his Mates, whose wages is the same.

Upon Acts 5. 12. Epig. 3.

INto the Temples Porch the twelve withdrew,
 And thou amongst the rest great *Bart'lemew*;
 There

There you all preach, and work such mighty things
As no man else dare think of equalling;
What thou distinctly dost, I do not hear,
But of one stamp, 'tis sure your actions were
So great and glorious, as did justly strike,
A fear in all men to attempt the like;
Some souls thou winst, I doubt not too, for who
Can think such gracious words in vain did flow
From thy blest lips; as yet indeed they be
But like the windfall's to the loaden tree:
Thy work lies further off, where heavens intend,
Whole Nations to thy powerful voice shall bend.
The Circumcision's *Peters* charge, but thine
God knows how many Regions shall confine.

John Baptist beheaded. Epig. 1.

YOU that for love of outward peace or gain,
From preaching all the truths of Christ refrain,
That dare not touch the times, nor lance the sore,
Of States and Courts, which ranks more and more;
That see the great ones run themselves to Hell,
And damn their souls with sins too palpable:
Yet you stand dumb the while, and will not go
And tell them to their faces what they do.
Look on our *John*, if he this path had trod,
He might have kept his head, but wrong'd his God.

Upon Mat. 14. 9. Epigr. 2.

Herod hath sworn, and *John* must lose his head,
 A poor man would be loth to have it sed,
 That he had broke his Oath, but Kings must stand,
 Upon their honour here at any hand;
 But who, blind Tyrant, bad thee swear at all?
 Wise men would weigh what mischiefs may befall,
 Before they ventur'd on so rash a vow,
 Which if it must be kept, thy children now
 And Mothers throats are not secure; nor ought
 So vile, but if she lists, it must be wrought;
 But plead not Conscience, he that daily lies
 In lustful sheets, will swallow perjuries: ?
 Revenge the Prophet first in prison threw,
 Whom now vain-glory and indulgence slew.

Upon Mar. 6. 2. Epig. 3:

Bate *Herod* but his incest, and there's none
 Will be a greater follower of *John*;
 He hears him gladly, and observes him too,
 And many things accordingly doth do
 But here he sticks; with this he cannot part,
 Hypocrites will have something neer their heart;
 Some lust or other which they prize before
 Their souls, and him whom all good souls adore.

What

What profit is't, my Saviour, to have gone
Half way with *Herod* in Religion ?
To be near heaven, as that poor Lawyer was ;
If I stay there, and do no further pass ;
Oh root out every sin which I possess,
Or 'tis but vain to think of happiness.

September 1.

NAME not this Month, but let your thoughts
Those old *Mosaick* mysteries recall, (withall
Which in this sacred number couched lie,
And chalenge from us a solemnity.
Seven in a Christians mouth should never come,
But his quick soul should run ore all the sum ;
Rehearse a short couch'd Catalogue by rote
Of all the sevens which Holy Writ doth note.
Every small hint and word suggested, brings
A godly man in mind of heavenly things.

The Feasts of September 2.

September's twenty first is *Matthew's* right,
Great *Michael* doth in twenty nine delight.

Mat-

Matthew Apostle. Epig. 1.

You'l say Excise men seldome come to good,
 Who by extortions gaine their lively hood,
 Yet see what Christ can do, our *Matthew* here
 Was such a one, yet 's saved I do not fear.
 Let none condemn th' employment, mercy can
 Of such a Vermine make an honest man.

Epig. 2.

Of all the Gospels, *Matthew's* onely writ
 In the Hebrew tongue, as if he purpos'd it
 Meerely to save that Nation, whom before
 With harsh exactions he had poll'd so fore.
 And 'twas a large amends we grant indeed,
 For Earthly chaff, to give them heavenly seed.

Epig. 3.

Good God what change is here! our *Matthew*
 Erewhile at the receipt of Customs sat, (that
 And was so vile a wretch, that none, except
 The Diel himself, a worser Conscience kept;
 It now become a Saint, yea counted fit
 In one of the Apostolick chaires to sit.

Nor

Nor staves he at this height, but first of men
Is chose his Saviours life and death to pen :
Which he discharg'd so well, that now they fear
Not to affirme an Angels hand did bear
A part in the employment, as if none
Of humane race could write such things alone ;
So soon he past through both extremes, of late
Almost a Devil, and now an Angels Mate.

Michael Archangel. Epig, 1.

AT *Moses* Barre if sinful men were try'd,
No flesh alive would ere be justified.
But him in mercy God hath lay'd so low,
That Devils themselves his burial do not know.
They strive indeed to find it out, and faine
Would bring him from his putrid Urne again
To judge the World; if they might have their will,
Moses should live, and *Christ* be buried still.
But our Archangels powerful hand alone (known
Nulls all their search, and keeps this grave un-
Even so, great Prince, let him still buried ly,
For if he rise, the whole wide world must dy.

Epigr. 2.

Epig. 2.

Ad Schismaticos; quod Michael non sit Christus.

TIs no created Angel this, you say, (day
But Christ the Lord, whom holy Church to
Honors for that great combat which of old
He with the Divil 'bout *Moses* corps did hold :
But tell us then what were those men the while
That say he durst not that foul fiend revile ?
What is't that great *Messias* durst not do,
Who made the Devils and shal condemn them too?
Or whom doth God with his blest Spirit infuse,
That such harsh words of Christ their Lord will
use ?
Choose which you'l hold, or 'twas a Creature this,
Or what th' Apostles wrote were Blasphemies.

Epig. 3. Upon Revelat. cap. 12.

Divels have their Prince, and so have Angels
too,
Monarchick power all creatures yield unto :
These fought in heaven, this with desire to teare
The woman thence, but that to keep her there :
But rest poor Creature with thy Babe secure,
The Dragon is not able to endure (be
Thy *Michaels* strength, whom God hath arm'd to

A Prince, and Guardian to thy seed and thee :
Rest happy Church, and though this Serpents tail
Over almost half the starres of heaven prevail
To throw them down, yet be not thou affright,
For whose defence such hosts of Angels fight.

October 1.

Eight is the Gospels number, on this day
Our buried Lord triumphing, broke away
From Death's strong holds, whom she suppos'd
sh'had ty'd

There fast enough for ever to abide.

That day, till he ascended hence, he still
Met, and inform'd his Brethren with what skill,
They in and out before his Church should go.

That day his Spirit in streams of fire did flow
Into the Apostles bosomes, and between

Their knees, to sit like cloven tongues, was seen.

That day the Lord for all his Churches weal
To his belov'd Disciple did reveal,

In *Pathmos* Isle, a gracious sight of all

Those changes which hereafter must befall

His wearied Spouse, till She at last do come

To feast it with him in the wedding room.

In memory of all which things, his will

Is, that this Eight day shall be honored still

Throughout the world, till he us all remove

To keep an everlasting Eight above.

The

The Feasts of October 2.

October's eighteenth day on *Luke* doth wait;
Simon and *Jude* are pleas'd with twenty eight.

Luke Evangelist. Epigr. 1.

That you may see that *Galen's* Pupills are
 Not all such Atheists as reports declare;
 Reade those two books that *Luke's* sweet hand did
 pen,

In this the Acts of God, in that of men:
 And tell me whether the Church ere had a man
 That wrote more truths then our Physitian:
 To these, if you demand my Faith, I flie,
 And say here's my *Religio Medici*.

Epigr. 2.

Luke the belov'd Physitian's styl'd a name,
 At which would God our Tribe did chiefly
 aime:

Let others scrape for wealth, but let us be
 Deservedly belov'd as well as he:

Let us still wait upon our Patients side,
 Take such account of all things that betide

Their

Their sleeps, their wakings, coolings, heats, and all
 Those very nauseous excrements that fall,
 Bear all their wayward moods, speak still so fair,
 Give such good words, as may remove despair
 From their sad thoughts, which kills as much or
 Then all their sickness; cast in still such store (more
 Of seasonable advice, as may dispose
 Them for a better life then that they lose.
 Yet ever be at hand to recommend
 Such congruous medicines as through Grace
 may tend
 To their recovery, that when all is done,
 We may get love, though little else be wonne.

Epigr. 3.

ANd why great *Luke* did Ancient times assigne
 An Oxes form to such a soul as thine;
 A soul that breathes such heavenly fireynes, as well
 Might fit an Angell's glorious tongue to tell:
 Was it because thy holy book begins
 With a relation of those offerings;
 Which in *Abrah's* course were now to be
 Perform'd by old religious *Zachary*?
 Or was 't because thou more, then all the rest
 Thy Saviours doleful Passion hast exprest,
 Who like an Oxe was to the slaughter led,
 And di'd to ransom sinners that were dead?
 Or was't thy self and not thy books that were

Decipher'd by this Oxes character ;
 The Ox we know doth fitly represent
 The lab'ring Pastor in his government ;
 And this apt embleme truly could not be
 Referr'd to any better then to thee ;
 Thy feet trod out much corn for us indeed,
 On which God grant our souls may gladly feed.

Simon and Jude Apostles. Epigr. 1.

THe name imports not much, the good and bad
 Have oftentimes the self same title had.
 The Sorcerer and *Cephas* both did bear
 The name of *Simon*, yet was *Peter* nere
 The worser thought of for vile *Magus* sake,
 Nor do accurst *Iscaariots* treasons make
Thaddens, *James* his Brother, lov'd the less
 Because they both were called *Judasses*.
 Good names do well indeed, and yet we see
 That names and things do often disagree.
Eve call'd her first born *Cain* as hoping well
 He might have prov'd that man that was to quell
 The Serpent's rage, but he alas became
 His Brother's Butcher, and his Parents shame.
 Lord give me that new name, the which alone
 'Tis sure was never given in vain to none.

Upon

Upon Simon the Canaanite, Matt. 10. 4. &
Mar. 3. 18. Epigr. 2.

FROM *Canaan's* cursed stock some good doth
flow,
Even Christ himself to *Rahab's* loyns doth ow
The flesh he took, and she who begg'd a crum
Fallen from his board, from that vile race did come.
You need not therefore wonder at the sight
If 'mongst the twelve you find a *Canaanite*.
The gifts of Grace are free, bestow'd alike
Upon the *Jew*, and also on the *Greek*: (vaunt
The Spirit breathes where 't list, that none may
Of too much plenty, nor despair for want.

Upon Simon Zelotes, Epig. 3.

THE *Canaanite* receiv'd into the train
Of Christ, *Zelotes* name doth quickly gain,
From that great zeal no doubt which he express'd,
Unto his new those Masters interest:
And to say truth, it is not seldome seen
That those strange branches, which are grafted in,
Bring forth more plenteous, and more lovely fruit,
Then those which nature thrusteth from the root,
'Tis sad indeed it should be thus, that they
Who came into Christ's School but yesterday,

E

Should

Should outstrip those, who many years before
 Did put their sluggish feet within his dore.
 Yet thus my God, with my poor Soul it stands,
 Those that but now did put their labo'ring hands
 Unto thy Plough, have rid more work away
 Then I that here have pingled many a day.
 I grudge not, Lord, at what these Zealots do,
 May they still thrive in Grace, and adde unto
 The fire they have for thee, all that I pray
 Is that thou make me burne as well as they.

November. i.

THe Muses here put in their claime, and cry,
 That this of right is their Festivity.
 That, I am bound this Month in every line
 To Eccho forth the honor of the Nine.
 But they must pardon me, these sacred Layes
 Do own no influence but *Urania's*.
 They know no Nines, save such as couched be
 In the Thrice-great, Thrice-holy Trinity.
 Th' are all my Muses, from their bounteous Throne
 My Artles quill derives her ayd alone.

November his Feasts.

ALL Saints unto *Novembers* first repair;
 The fift, the Powder-plots discovered are;
 The

The thirtieth is to that blest Saint applyed,
Whom *John* first to the Lamb of God did guide.

All Saints. Epigr. 1.

THe Saints deceas'd, which now securely rest
In *Abraham's* bosome of rich joys possess'd;
Cry strongly yet, no doubt, to re-obtain
An union with their buried Corps again:
And being alike convinc'd that they, and we
Who still below in these dark Mansions be,
Make but one Body, they as strongly pray
That we may gain those joys as well as they.
We also here on Earth, having learn'd that those
Blest Spirits which now in blissful joys repose,
Are part of us, and have assum'd their Throne
In our behalf, as well as in their own.
Do praise thee, Lord, for them, whom thy good
grace
Hath rapp'd from hence, into so sweet a place.
Thus whilst our praises, and their prayers do meet
Knit up together, at thy glorious feet.
Whilst they our wants, and we their joys partake;
And each the others state their own do make.
This is that true Communion indeed
Of Saints, that we are taught out of the Creed.

Epig. 2.

WE are not able, Lord, to comprehend
What numerous troopes of glorious Saints
attend

About thy blessed Throne, and yet we know
That there's not one of them to whom we owe
Not a Religious reverence, for those shares
Which we are sure we have in all their prayers.
Which due regards, lest we should haply miss
In paying to their several Memori's.

Athenian-like, but in a juster way,
To th' unknown Saints we Dedicate this day.

Epigr. 3.

THe meanest of thy Saints, O God, we find
Have left such patterns of their lives behind;
And now such advantageous prayers do make
(At least in general) for their Brethren's sake,
That we can never pay thee what we owe
For what from one of these rich Springs doth flow.
How much more then, when all their streams unite
Into one flood, must that be infinite?
Th' are thus indeed, being view'd by our weak eyes,
Which make alas but poor discoveries.
Although compar'd to what thy Christ hath done,
Th' are all but like a spark unto the Sun.

Gunpowder

Gunpowder Treason. Epig. 1.

Romes Mitred Shepherds rage like *Wolves*, and
rend
With their fell teeth, the flocks they ought to tend.
But I admire not at it, for 'tis sed
Her founders with *Wolves* milk at first were fed.
And this approv'd experience daily shoves,
That from the breasts men suck their nature flows.

Epig. 2.

VVhose Vicar *Romes* High Priest's most like
to be,
This dayes curst fire-works teach sufficientlie,
The devil no doubt first taught this murdering
And th' are his Impes alone that use it still. (skill,

Epig. 3.

TWas thought that such grosse hereticks
as we
Could scarce be sav'd, or Gods bright Presence see.
When lo, the tender Romanist being sorry
To have us damn'd, prepar'd a Purgatory,
A new-found blast of Sulph'rous flames, wherein
Clean'd from the gross impurities of sin:

Prince, Peeres, and People, all at once might flie
 (Like *Manaoh's* Angel) to those joyes on high.
 Who'le now hereafter charge the Popish rabble
 Of shaveling Priests to be uncharitable,
 Who would at their own charge (kind soules)
 Their Enemies to Heaven so near a way. (convey

Andrew Apostle. Epig. 1.

Andrew having found the Christ, brings *Peter* in ;

True Converts still strive others souls to win.
 Nor lose they by't, for grace is such a thing,
 The more men spend, the more their waters spring.
 Like Christ his loaves, whereof the more do share,
 The fuller still the emptied baskets are.
 Or like the widdows oyle, which never stayed
 Till she an end of pouring out had made.
 A sparing hand here makes the Owner poor,
 They that do dole most out, have most in store,

Upon John 1.38,39. Epig. 2.

Andrew enquires where Jesus dwelleth, he
 Answers him truly, he must come and see,
 'Tis not the hearing of the eare, O man,
 That is enough to make a Christian.

Unless

Unlesse thou come to Christ, and with thine eye
Of faith, survey the place where he doth lie.

Thousands have heard his own sweet mouth to
tell

Where his abode, and yet are gone to Hell,
But none e're came to him that went away,
And perisht in his sins another day.

Epigr. 3. *Upon the Scots Arrogating Saint Andrew for their Patron.*

Scotland, we grant, feels Andrews powerful hand,
But 'tis to punish, not to guard their land,
Their King, their God, their Souls, and all they'll
sell

For a few pence, and run themselves to Hell,
But this sad curse their Saint on them hath laid,
That they shall still be poor, for all their Trade

December 1.

MEthinks this Moneth to Sinai sadly leader,
And in our ears the ten Commandments
reads,

Those ten sad words, which none e're kept, and
none

E're broke, but 'twas to his own destruction.
Sad words indeed, but that this Month, before
It doth expire, brings in a Saviour.

One that doth keep them from us, and doth bear
 That death himself, which our sad souls did fear.
 O happy Advent! that hath power to make
 This yoke so easie now to undertake,
 That takes all dread from these ten words away,
 And turns our Serpent to a helping stay.
 Which way so e're we look, this Number now
 Hath no more threatning wrinkles in its brow.
 Look upon Christ, and this tenth Month will
 Him clad in flesh, to be our offering. [bring
 Look on the Law, and all the thunder's gone
 And it hath nothing in't, but light alone.
 Thus thou, my God, can'st make *December* snow
 With more sweet joyes, then verdant *May* to flow.

December his Feasts. 24

D*ecember's* twenty first is *Thomas* Fee;
 The twenty fift is *Christ's* Nativity;
Stephen upon the twenty sixt they stone;
 The twenty seventh's assign'd to aged *John*;
 The twenty eight by *Herods* cruelty
 At *Bethlehem*, the poor *Innocents* did dy.

Thomas Apostle. Epig. 1.

THy faith was weak, it cannot be deny'd,
 Such doubtings are not to be justifi'd,

When

When such a cloud of Witnesses do meet
To clear a truth, when (*Thomas*) not to see't
Is willful blindness, which doth not admit
Of any just excuse to cover it.
But yet, blest Saint, when by thy Lords consent
Thy hands had felt those holes the nails had rent,
And that the spear had made within his side,
Then never man with greater fervour cry'd,
My Lord, my God: O happy, happy tongue!
That feelingly so sweet an Anthem sung,
Thomas thy failings they were great indeed,
But thy great faith I'm sure did more exceed.

Epig. 2.

T*Thomas* had not thy failings been so sad
Our Faith had not so firm a footing had;
Thy weakness is our strength, and by thy fall
We're now so settled, as no tempest shall
Unfix our holds, or make us doubt again:
O God, what cannot thy great power attain?
Who mak'st thy Saints miscarriages to be
An Antidote to all Posteritie.
Well may we by their graces look to win
That do become such gainers by their sin.

Epigr.

Epig. 3. *Upon John 20. 21.*

T *Thomas* 'tis true, thy late dead Master stands
 Before thy eyes, thou feel'st his side and hands,
 (Such is his grace) and now beleev'st indeed, (need.
 But 'tis weak faith that such strong proofs doth
 Blessed are they whom lesser means will draw,
 To rest upon that Christ they never saw.
 Thou dost not want thy wages, but their Faith
 No doubt my God, a double portion hath.

Christmas Day, Epig. 1. Upon Luke 2. 7.

Struck with a new Instinct me thinks I spy
 The Beasts before thy manger prostrate lie,
 And strait cry out, Lord, now 'tis true indeed,
 That which we in thy Holy Book do read,
 The Oxe, and th' Ass their Masters crib do know,
 But *Israel* thine own people do not so.

Epig. 2. *Verf. eod. There was no room for them
 in the Inn.*

V Ho'd think that *Dauids* heir, in *Dauids* town
 With child, should find no lodging to lay
 down,
 Her precious burthen, but poor creature must
 Into the stable with the Beasts be thrust.
 But thus in common Inns t' hath always bin,
 They thrust out Christ whilst *Russians* vaunt within.
Epig. 3.

Epigr. 3. Upon Luke 2. 8, 9, 10, 11.

VHy didst thou send thine Angel Lord to tell
 Poor Shepherds first of this great Miracle,
 The birth of thy Messias which had bin
 News for the stateliest Courts to have gloried in :
 Was it to show that in these heavenly things,
 Poor Swains oft get the start of mighty Kings ?
 Or was't because that he whose birth was told,
 Himself was the great Shepherd of the fold,
 And 'twas but meet that such as Shepherds were,
 The birth of the great Shepherd first should hear ;
 Or wouldst thou have these Shepherds know that
 Lambe

Of God was now brought forth, whom it became
 Them to look after, more then all their own ;
 A Lamb that whosome're doth wait upon,
 They are kept safe, by that same Lamb they keep,
 The Shepherds are preserved by the Sheep ;
 Whether this or that induc'd thee Lord to show
 This grace, to these poor men, I do not know.
 But this I know, they've seen such things to day
 As never men beheld before but they ;
 Go happy Shepherds, leave your flocks and hie,
 To *Beth'lem* where your Infant Lord doth lie :
 And when you have view'd his sacred person well,
 Spare not aloud, what you have seen to tell ;
 Write volums of these things, and let them bear
 The title of the Shepherds Calender.

This

This I assure you, never shepherds knew
With all their studies, half so much as you.

Saint Stephen. Epig. 1.

THy name, great *Stephen*, doth a Crown denote,
And thou indeed a goodly Crown has got.
The first rich Crown that ever Martyr ware,
That witness to his glorious Master bare.
Christ by his sufferings past into his Throne;
And thou the self same-way to thine art gone.
Where thou now reignest with him, O happy man!
That by one Combat, such a Kingdome wan.
Had I, great Saint, that learned *Græcian's* skill,
And could drop golden raptures from my quill,
I'de write whole books like his, and they should be
The *steps* of thy Crown and thee.

Upon Act. 7. 56. Epig. 2.

(*fit,*

That Christ on Gods right hand enthron'd doth
Our Creed, and all the Scriptures witness it.
Yet thou, great Martyr, seest him stand, a thing
Well worthy of our strict examining.
But I have found it. Thou being now to fight
This first pitch'd Combat in thy Masters right:
Christ leaves his seat, and upon tiptoe stands
To see how thou thereof wouldst quit thy hands;
And having seen thee, with much joy to win
The prize, he opes the Heavens to take thee in.

And

And will sit down no more, thou happy one,
Till he have plac'd thee first upon thy throne: [dy
And ta'ne those stones, which when thou now didst
About thy head like stormes of hayl did fly:
And chang'd to Rubies, have enameld them
About thy well-wrought glorious Diadem.
Stephen, thy way indeed was hard and rough,
But thy reward at last was sweet enough.

Upon Act. 7. 6. He fell asleep. Epig. 3.

THen when the furious stones in stormes did fall
About thy head, when blood and brains and all
Spatt' red from thy dissevered skull, and those
That gave them, have bemoan'd their dreadful
blowes,
'Tis sayd thou fell'st asleep, O wondrous thing!
Was this a time for sleep to spread her wing
About thy peaceful temples? cou'd'st thou ly
So gently down, when such rough stormes did fly?
But I admire not, thou hadst seen a light
That ravish'd thy glad Soul with more delight
Then all those wounds could fright thee with,
Indeed an *Exit*, not a cause of fear. [which were
Let me my God but such a vision see,
And I shall sleep in death as well as he.

John the Evangelist. Epig. 1.

Twas not for naught, great *John*, that thou didst
Thy head upon thy Masters sacred Brest, [rest
Thence

Thence thou deriv'st those heavenly gifts that
 Of all the twelve e're had but thou alone: (none
 They mov'd in narrower Spheres, one's hand did
 Epistles to the scattered brethren: (pen,
 Another fill'd with a celestial light,
 The storie of his Saviours life did write:
 But thou alone in one sweet knot didst twist,
 Prophet, Apostle, and Evangelist.

Epig. 2. Upon John 19. 26, 27.

THis povver to all beleevers is convey'd,
 That they are Gods adopted children made,
 And 'tis a grace indeed, to be alli'd
 To Christ the Lord upon the better side:
 But *John* to thee this further honour's done
 That thou'rt adopted also *Maries* son;
 On both sides now unto thy Lord a kin,
 His German-brother doubly grafted in;
 O vvhoo can boast great Saint, as thou canst do?
 The Son of God, and Son of *Mary* too!
 No mortal man had e're that favour shovvn,
 To be thus truly stil'd, but thou alone.

*Epig. 3. Upon the Effigies of an Eagle, ascrib'd
 to S. John.*

T'Was not unmeet blest Saint that thou didst
 The quick-y'd Eagles specious Character, (bear
 Who

Who couldst with fixed looks so freely gaze,
Upon those beams which other eyes amaze;
Who hast thy Lords dread person so exprest,
As if thou didst laine, not on, but in his brest;
As though the other Writers all had seen
But his back-parts, and thou alone hadst been
Familiar with his face, which shone so bright,
That no mans eies but thine could brook the sight.
The Type was apt, but short, the Eagles eye
And tousing wing indeed, that soars so high,
Something present thy *Genius*, but not well
For she wants tongue the things she sees to tell;
Thou with Seraphick skill at once didst see,
And warble out thy Saviours dignitie:
Well did the Church in one sweet Book of thine,
Ascribe to thee the Title of Divine.
Thou shoud'st thy self so there, and to say true
In all the rest great Saint, thou didst so too.

Innocents day, Epig. 1.

(bring,

VVeigh but the sins, and sorrows age doth
And you'l conclude it is a happy thing
To die betimes, and so prevent those woes
Which he that long surviveth undergoes,
This was your case, sweet Babes, you early dy'd,
And so blest souls the fewer evils try'd.
But that's not all, you dy'd for Jesus sake,
And that's a cause indeed enough to make

The

The saddest sufferings glorious; never man
 For his behoof the smalest hazzard ran
 And lost by the adventure; so to dy,
 Is to live happy everlastingly.

Then weep not *Rachel* that thy Sons are slayne,
 Nor reckon that thy loss, that was their gaine.
 'Twas mercy that thy children dy'd so soon,
 But that they thus did dy, 's a double Boon.

Epig. 2.

THe sting of death is sin, remove but that,
 And death hath nothing to be trembled at.
 What need then these sweet Infants fear; th' events
 Of death, ne're hurt such harmles Innocents.
 Lord, wash my Soul as clean as theirs, and I
 When e're thou call'st, will be content to dy.

Epigr. 3.

You dy'd for Christ, sweet Babes, but grudge
 not though,
 You gain'd a glorious Crown by doing so:
 And 'twas no sorry bargain, that to lose
 A moments breath, for such rich joys as those;
 And yet that breath was none of yours, beside.
 'Twas bought before by him, for whom you dy'd.

